Autumn Scenes.

Blue are the hill-type away in the distance,
And nessly trill-the beauth his lay,
Dreaming becometh a part of existence.
And meaneth the wind as it shives away.
Rustling the map estill leaves full and quiver.
And ruttling the blades of the brown-tasseled

corn. Swaying the golden-roal, ripoling the river.

The stillness is startled by sound of nuts drop-

cropping:
The thresher is grinding the gold from the New sail through the azure the spirit of flow- the bright glow of the head-light. With white wings outspread in a glorified

way:
Moths nervously fit for their few happy hours;
It seemeth the morn of the world's Final
Day. And hark! at the sunrise the chanticleer's

To school, now, the shouting, gay children are

The only betivity, color and noise.
th. dent of the children!—the tidy girl siry—
The blow fightling horners, who taketh no Now pair ting his name with the ripened poke-No- . eying to slip in the fair!

The frog and the screech-owl-and fre-flies

the moon in pale gossamer stiffeth and gaspeth. Se filed with her passion and serrowed by

strooketh on lovers, and seemeth as saddened
. If she had lost, and was ever more drear;
Tt. Night's lus rous eyes are all troubled and and down on the marigold trickles a tear! -C. L. Phifer, in The Current.

THE TELEGRAPHIC SIGNAL

John Mills, the hero of this sketch. was a railroad engineer, and had been for a long time in the company's employ. When the new engine "59" was completed and placed on the road. John was given charge of it, and he evinced a natural pride in his preferment. At one of the stations there was a young | I'll sit up. girl, a telegraph operator, between whom and the engineer there had sprung up a mutual attachment, and whenever "59 came along. Kate generally managed to be at the door and exchange signals with her lover. One day the train was detained at the station, and the locomo- life there would have been; it was very tints. I got nearer and nearer to the detained at the station, and the locomotive detached and sent up the road, to do some additional work, and Kate went along for a ride. As she listened to the

sharp, shrill notes of the whistle, it occurred to her that she might teach John to sound her name in the Morse telegraphic characters, so that she could distinguish his signal from that of the other engines, whenever his train approached. The plan worked to a charm, and far and near the whistle shricked K-a-t-e, until one day, as the operator stepped upon the platform, she overheard a conversation between two young men, and learned that they understood the signal, and were laughingly wondering who Kate could be. Their means of communication having been discovered they were obliged to discontinue it. In the meantime, Kate had, by means of the telegraph, made the acquaintance of a young lady, an operator in a distant city, but whom she had never seen, and to her she made known

the fact that the secret had been dis-covered. Then her friend suggested a plan as brilliant as it was ingenious. It was simply to arrange a means of telegraphic communication between the approaching train and the station, so as to ring a bell hidden away in the closet of Kate's office, ongine "59" being the only one provided with the means of completing the circuit, which was done by laying the poker upon the tenderbrake so as to touch the wire in passing. Kate found an opportunity to acquaint John with the proposed plan, and in the meantime had found an abandoned wire which ran for a long distance close by the track, and which she proposed to use for carrying out her purpose. Thanksgiving day came soon after, and John fortunately having a holiday, he and Kate went bravely to work, and before the day had ended the task was

cess. The dramatic finals of their love episode is told in following sketch:-It was very singular how absent-minder and inattentive the operator was on the day that the great scientific enterprise was finished. No wonder she was dis-turbed. Would the new line work? Would her little buttery be strong enough for such a great circuit? Would John be able to close it? The people began to assemble for the train. The clock pointed to the hour for its arrival. Suddenly, with startling distinctness, the bell rang clear and loud in the echoing room. With a cry of delight she put on her dainty hat and ran in haste out upon the platform. The whistle broke loud and clear on the cool, crisp air, and "59" appeared round the curve

completed, and proved a complete suc-

in the woods. The splendid monster slid swiftly up to her feet and paused. "Perfect, John! Perfect! It works to With a spring she reached the cab and sat down on the fireman's seat.

"Blessed if I could tell what he was going to do," said the ireman. "He told me about it. Awful bright idea! You see, he laid the poker on the tender brake there, and it hit the tree slam, and I saw the wires touch. It was just

But the happy moments sped, and -59" grouned and slowly departed, while Kate stood on the platform, her

face wreathed in smiles and white

So the lovers met each day, and none

knew how she was made aware of his approach with such absolute certainty. Science applied to love, or rather love applied to science, can move the world. Two whole weeks passed, and then there suddenly arrived at the station, late one evening, a special, with the directors' car attached. The honorable directors were hungry—they always are—and would pause on their journey and take a cup of tea and a bit of supper. The honorables and their wives and children filled the station, and the place put on quite a gala aspect. As for Kate she demurely sat in her den, book in hand, and over its unread pages admired the gay party in the brightly

Suddenly with furious rattle, her electric bell sprang into life. Every spark of color left her face, and her book fell with a dull slam to the floor. What was it? What did it mean? Who rang With affrighted face she burst from er office and brushed through the asnished people and out upon the snowplatform. There stood the ectors' train upon the track of the

coming engine. The conductor! Where is he? Oh, ith a cry she snatched a lantern

men sorang to the train, the women I stay that night on the siding, and they I and chaldren fied in frantic terror in | had walked up the track to b d it a long every direction.

"Run for your lives," seroum d the conductor. "There's a smash-up com-

whistle. The head-light gleamed on the snow-covered track, and there was a mad rush of sliding wheels and the gigantic engine roared like a demon. The creek is half-covered with butternut leaves;
White cows in the sunshine and shadow are stopped in the woods. A hundred heads The great "59" slowly drew near and looked out, and a stalwart figure leaped down from the engine and ran on into

"Oh! John, I ---" She fell into his arms senseless and white, and the lantern dropped from

her nerveless hand. They took her up tenderly and bore That ringeth as sweet as pure Israfeel's her into the station-house and laid her upon the sofa in the "ladies' room." With hushed voices they gathered round to offer aid and comfort. Who was she? How did she save the train? How did

> "She is my daughter," said the old stationmaster. "She tends the tele-The president of the railroad, in his

gold-bowed spectacles, drew near. One grand lady in silk and satin pillowed Kate's head on her breast. They all a sudden become tight. Now comes and his trail, and you'll remember his gathered near to see if she revived. She the most curious part of my experience. visit for weeks. No man ever died from ily, as if in search of something.

"Do you wish anything my dear?" said the president, taking her hand. "Some water, if you please, sir; and I want—I want——

They handed her some wine in a silver looked among the strange faces as if in search of someone. "Are you looking for anyone, miss?"

down the track. It is not severe, and

They were greatly pleased to see her recover, and a quiet buzz of conversation filled the room. How did she know How could she tell the special was chasing us? Good heavens! if she had our train in such a reckless manner. "You feel better, my dear," said the

president. thankful. I knew John-I mean the engine was coming." You cannot be more grateful than

we are to you for averting such a disastrons collision. "I'm sure i'm pleased, sir. I never thought the telegraph--

She paused abruptly. "What telegraph?" "But you will tell us how you knew

the engine was coming?" "Must you know?" "We ought to know in order to reward you properly. She put up her hand in a gesture of refusal, and was silent. The president and directors consulted together, and two of them came to her and briefly said

"Well, sir, if John is willing, I will tell you all.'

John Mills, the engineer, was called, greatest eagerness.

out her hand on John's grimy arm, and

to know about it. It saved their lives, they say. "And mine, too," said John, reverent-"You had best tell them, or let

do, and looked imploringly to John. tears and smiled.

to talk a but, for they gathered in a knot in the corner of the room. Presently the pre-ident said aloud-"Gentlemen and directors, you must

do the same, if I call you to order for a brief matter of business. There was a sudden hush, and the

pai ally enici.

"Mr. President!" Every eye was turned to a corner where a gray-harred gentleman had

"Mr. President!"

"I beg leave, sir, to offer a resolu-

"Whereas, John Mills, engineer of engine number '59,' of this railway line, erected a private telegraph; and whereas he, with the assistance of the tele-graph operator of this station (I leave a blank for her name), used the said line without the consent of this Company, and for other than railway business: "It is resolved that he be suspended permanently from his position as en-

room, but the president commanded silence, and the State director went on. "-resign her place.

A tremendous cheer broke from the assembled company, and the resolution was passed with a shout of assent. How it all ended they never knew. It seemed like a dream, and they could Start! Start! Get to the siding! not believe it true till they stood alone express! The express is coming!" in the winter's night on the track bein the winter's night on the track be-side that glorious "59." The few cars a brakeman's hand, and in a the engine had brought up had been joined to the train, and "59" had been joined to the train, and "59" had been rolled out on the siding. With many and they were lost in wonder and handshakings for John, and hearty

farewell. For a few moments they stood in the glow of the great lamp, and then he mietly put it out, and lett the giant to breathe away as flery life in gentle clouds of white steam. As for the lovers they had no need of its light. The winter stars shone upon them, and the calm, cold night seemed a paradise

The following account of the sensa-

presence of several friends: opened hereyes and gazed about dream- After the first feeling of torture, which I the bite of a centipede, but I have goblet. She sipped a little, and then licious. As I swam casely and without

had fortunately cut me down in time. 1 was still weak .- too weak to at once relieve my friends' curiosity. When I was

emulate me. They said I looked so fire out of the spot where he salutes

and he came in, cap in hand, and the entite company gathered round in the Without the slightest affectation she

"Shall I tell them, John? They wish

She sat down again, and men and there John explained how the open circuit line had been built, how it was used, and frankly told why it had been

erected. Never did story create profounder sensation. The gentlemen shook hands with him, and the president actually kissed her for the company. A real cor-poration kiss, loud and hearty. The adies fell upon her neck, and actually eried over the splendid girl. Even the children pulled her dress, and put their arms about her neck, and kissed away the happy tears that covered her cheeks. Poor child! She was covered with confusion, and knew not what to say or

He drew near, and proudly took her hand in his, and she brushed away the The gentlemen suddenly seemed to have found something vastly interesting

pardon me, and I trust the ladies will

toom, now packed to sufficiation, was "The secretary will please take min-

utes of this meeting.

The secretary sat down at Kate's desk, and then there was a little pause.

"Mr. Graves, director for the State. centlemen.

Then he began to read from a slip of

gineer, and that the said operator be requested to resign---A murmur of disapprobation filled the

"It is further resolved, and is hereby ordered, that the said John Mills be and is appointed chief engineer of the new

Philadelphia Record. and they were lost in wonder and handshakings for sound, and recent leads they were lost in wonder and handshakings for sound of parting leads to be leaded to be ger. She must be—

in! that horrible whistle. Such a shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would asked a shown as the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter s night! The station save the loyers, "59" would shrick on a winter shrick on a wi

QUEER THINGS IN TEXAS.

Growths. What Hanging is Like.

tions of hanging is sent us by a correspondent who is a member of a kind of Suicide Club," and was actually, he

A good stout rope had been obtained. This was securely fastened to the rafters of the barn roof. I pulled at the ropwith my hands to make sure that it admit was decidedly very severe. I lost known one to make a man wish he were consciousness. I seemed to be transported into a new world, more beautiful than anything imagined by the poet. I was swimming, methought, in a sea of oil. The feeling was exquisitely deeffort through the liquid mass I noticed afar off an island of the most glorious emerald green in color. This it was my

"Yes-no-it is no matter. Thank wish to reach. I swam easily and con-you, ma'am, I feel better. I sprained tentedly on. The sea kept every instant tentedly on. The sea kept every instant my foot on the sleepers w en I ran changing its hue, though it remained of the same substance throughout. At one instant it was a mass of gold, as the sun was shining brilliantly on it. The next moment it was a vivid blood red; but there was nothing terrible or disgusting in this new color. It kept changing, in fact, to all the hues of the rainbow, velcareless of the superintendent to follow | isle. As I approached it there sprang out suddenly from the ground a number

of people strangely disfigured, whose faces seemed to be known to me. I at "Yes, sir, thank you. I'm sure I'm jast reached the land. A magnificent chorus of voices, human and those of birds burst forth. I closed my eyes in eestacy. I floated calmy on to the shore, and lay as a child in its cradle, slightly weakened from, I supposed, the enervating edect of the oily matter in which I had been swimming. At last I opened my eyes. The magic charm was at once dispelled. The divine harmony ceased. an expression of eager curiosity, but I perceived that they belonged to the members of our society. The pain in my neck was great. I was now in entire possession of my senses. My friends

> able to speak I told them my experiture of the bliss which I had felt, not one of them would consent to try my experiment. They all considered my conduct heroic, but absolutely refused to

ghastly!-Pall Mall Gazette,

Empress Josephine's Last Days. There is something very touching in the account of the meeting between the other walking-sticks, six on a side. The husband and wife at Fontainebleau after the return of Napoleon from his Aus- sify the fauna of Texas have somehow trian campaign. Josephine well knew overlooked the devil horse, but he that the Emperor had irrevocably dedoesn't seem to mind the slight and cided upon the divorce, yet, womanlike, continues catching flies with monotonshe called in the aid of her charms and ous persistency. I was never bitten by fascinations once more, as though to a devil horse, and I never met any one strive to win back the spouse who was | who had been, but the natives class them about to repudiate her. At dinner that among the poisonous, and they ought to day she appeared in a very elegant and know. singularly becoming toilet—a polonaise in white satin trimmed with swansdown, while in her hair were placed clusters of corn-flowers intermingled with silver wheat. Never had she looked more charming or shown herself more winning, and the Emperor, who was morose and silent at the commencement of the dinner, regained his spirit and made himself agreeable. But that evening he avoided Josephine in a manner that gave her to understand that all was indeed at an end between them, and that their formal separation was

only a question of time. A few months later Josephine made her last appearance in public as Empress of France at a fete given by Berthier, Prince De curious contretemps marked the end of this festivity. One of the diversions of the evening was a comedy in which Brunet, the favorite comedian of the day, sustained the principal part. This little piece was the well-known play of 'Cadet Roussel." Unfortunately it contains numerous allusions to divorce, and one can easily imagine the embarrassment of the host and the spectators

when Cadet Roussel declares that he means to get a divorce "to have some know what kind of a wife I have now, and I do not know what sort of a one at the stage in evident ill-humor. As to the Empress, she could with difficulty restrain her tears. Four days later Josephine took her departure from the

Tuileries forever. A Tramp's New Trick.

when he was approached by a dilapidated, seedy-looking tramp. The latter held in his hand a sealed envelope directed in lead-pencil and smeared with the marks of grimy fingers. "Will you please give me a couple of pennies to send a letter to my mother, sir? I have just got out of a hospital and I want to send for money to go home." The gentleman was overcome by the piteous appeal and dropped a coin in the outstretched hand. As he issued forth from the other end of the big granite structure he was met by the same individual with the same story and the same dirty envelope. "Why, you scoundrel, I just gave you enough to send your mother a dozen letters," shouted the enevolent gentleman. "You miserable wretch. You're an impostor.'

"That's a new racket," said the policeman on the corner, "and that rascal man to render thanks. has been working it very successfully, too. Nearly everyone he asks gives him

Baroness Burdett Coutts has the satis-

Characteristics of Some of the Native

The centipede is not a very pretty insect. He runs too much to legs. Once I thought them of no use, but after seeing a lot of Chiricahua Indian papooses pulling centipedes from their holes and greedily devouring them, legs, poison and all, I no longer doubted the wisdom and beneficence of their creation. In the course of my checkered career I

have had several adventures with centipedes and always came out second best. A centipede can raise a blister on a man's body quicker than a red hot iron, and if you don't immediately apply says, partly hung the other day, in the a remedial poultice of pounded prickly pear and dose yourself inwardly with post whisky-which latter is warranted to kill anything but an army mule-the resultant effects may be serious. Centipedes usually attack their victim at would not break. Then I permitted nw- night, when he is asleep and can't deself to be blind-folded and mounted on a fend himself. They are armed with chair. For the moment, I admit, I was about 200 little lances conveniently weak enough to turn pale and tremble. lashed to the toe of each foot-of which I soon, however, recovered my presence they have several-and at the base of of mind. Putting my head through the each lance is a tiny sack of venom. If noose, I gave the signal. I felt the chair drawn from under me. There was a which he'll most likely do if you lie great jerk, and I felt a violent pain in down anywhere within a half a mile of my neek, as though my searf had all of him-you'll have no difficulty in follow-

> TARANTULAS. The tarantula is an exaggerated spider, with teeth and hair. They are always ready for a fight and will tackle anything, not excluding a buzz-saw. In days gone by I have often amused myself by teasing one with a red-hot coal. At first they would fight shy, but after they once got mad they would attack that coal and never surrender until they were burned to a crisp. I never heard

> of any one eating a tarantula. If one bites you use same remedies as prescribed for centipede sting, only more

> The vinegaroan has never been scientifically classified, and is content to plod through life undistinguished, save by his humble frontier patronymic. The Mexicans and Indians, who have been acquainted with the vinegaroan longer than I have, solemnly assert that his bite is deadly. I have always taken their word for it. The vinegaroan lives under decaying logs, and, if disturbed, scorns to run. I saw a fight once between a vinegaroan and a tarantula. The tar intula was lifted out of the pit

dead in one minute. THE STINGING LIZZARD is found most anywhere, but principally snugly enscenced in the folds of your and I have known strong men to tear their hair and dance and pray in a very undignified and eccentric fashion, upon discovering that a stinging lizzard had selected them as a bedfellow. The stinging lizzard's weapon of defense and offense is his tail, which is long and as full of joints as a bamboo pole. When he punches you with the sharp end of this caudal appendage you think of sheol's fire and hour The satisfing the zard is not good to eat. The application of a fresh quid of tobacco will take the

THE DEVIL HORSE. The body of a devil horse is all of the same size, and he looks not unlike a green walking-stick set up on twelve scientific men who have sought to clas-

A COLONY OF FIRE ANTS. My camp was once invaded by fire ants. It was a good place, convenient to wood and water, and I hated to leave I disputed the right of occupancy with them for three weeks, at the end of which time I incontinently surrendered and fled. During that three weeks I dug them out, burned them out and drowned them out, but they didn't seem to mind it in the least. They went, on burrowing the building and exploring the surrounding country, and when my tent got full of them, and I had been bitten in about 3,000,000 different places, I thought it time to move. The bite of the fire ant is like the sting of the Wagram, at the Chateau de Grosbois. A stinging lizzard. It hurts and makes a sore place. They increase with a rapidity that is alarming, and the more you try to exterminate them the more numerous they become. It used to be a test of courage among the Comanche Indians for a brave to thrust his bared arm into a nest of fire ants and hold it there without flinching, while his companions went through the movements of a somewhat complicated dance around his tortured body. They don't do it any more. Once near Pope's Crossing, on ancestors," and afterwards remarks: "I the Pecos river, I reached a village of fire ants and started to make a detour. We discovered Indian signs of recent I shall take." Napoleon sat glowering date, and halted to investigate. A band of Indians had camped on the edge of the ant village, and a prisoner, who afterward proved to be a bear-hunter named Goggin, was stripped, bound hand and foot, and laid down among the ant hills. You can imagine his horrible sufferings. We found his bones and gave them a decent burial. The An elderly, charitable-looking gentle- fire ant is pugnacious, and his mode man, wearing an air of prosperity, was rushing into the postoffice on Sunday aggregate, he will attack any living aggregate, he will attack any living

A story is going the rounds about the unique Mr. Henry Prouse Cooper, the tailor, who has figured somewhat in New York courts in times past. One day, just after Mr. Cooper had been arrested at the instance of somebody who didn't like the way that Mr. Cooper spent his own money, a young man who happened to be running an Ishmaelite sort of paper printed an editorial paragraph pitching into Mr. Cooper's wicked enemies and setting Mr. Cooper himself up for little less than an archangel. Mr. Cooper saw this paragraph in due time, and made a call upon the young have an account with me," said Mr. Cooper before he left. "I asked my bookkeeper for it before I came downFlattering Recognition.

A memory of names and faces not only contributes to social success, but to eminence in official positions. A teacher who always succeeded in memorizing the names of her fifty pupils within the first forenoon of the term, has declared that in that faculty lay one cause of her effective discipline.

"If I can say," she explained, "on the very first day of school. Mary Jones, what are you doing? Tom Brown, where is your book? the scholars begin to fear my quickness of thought. Each one has an ill-defined feeling that I may not only know his name, but all his

traits."
The man who aspires to be a leader of the people will do well to cultivate a memory of faces.

President Van Buren was said to possess that faculty in a high degree of

perfection. A gentleman was once introducing a party of friends to him, and when he reached the fourth member of the Froup, Mr. Van Buren anticipated him by saying,—
"This is Mr. Thompson." "Yes," said the gentleman, "I was

once introduced to you, but did not suppose you would remember it."
"Oh, yes, certainly I do. You were introduced to me at Syracuse, in 1835, on the occasion of the visit of General Jackson to that city, and with you were three other gentlemen. You were the second presented,"-a statement which the gentleman confirmed.

On the occasion of the meeting, at Montreal, of scientists from all parts of the world last year, many of these learned gentlemen desired to be presented to General Grant, who accordingly received them; but their guide was greatly astonished at finding that he recognized many of them before their names were mentioned. A frequent form of salutation was, 'How do you do, Professor? I met you at Liverpool" or, "I saw you last in Manches-

When the guests had taken their leave, the general's friend asked where he could have become acquainted with so many foreigners.

"Oh, I met them abroad." was the answer. They had been introduced to him there among crowds of other strangers, but he had fixed their faces indelibly upon his memory. At another time, he recognized a lady whom he had seen for a few moments only, years before, and then as one of several hun-

dred schoolgirls. A delicate flattery is implied in the fact that one's name or face has made so deep an impression upon a stranger that he has been able to retain it through a period of years. And since it shows a truer kindliness to preserve a gracious attitude towards the world at large rather than a hostile one, such a flattery blanket when you lie down at night. He of strangers may spring from something

Some Street-Car Nuisances.

Men who have been eating onions Men who smoke bad cigars on the front platform.

Men who chew and expectorate in the Pedlers who fill the cars with their The stareful dude.

The awful masher. Men who talk so loudly that no one else can hope to be heard by his neigh-

Men who sit sideways when people

are looking for seats. Men who crowd the platform so that people are squeezed nearly to death in getting on or off the cars. Men who pick their teeth in public.

Men who clean their tinger-nails in public. Juveniles who insist on sky-larking. Boys who eat pea-nuts. The small boy who, on muddy days, insists on kneeling on the seats.

Squalling babies. Men who hum all the way. Men who want to know where the car is going to and when they get there. Women who flirt with the wrong fel-

The girl who hangs on to him all the The bundle woman. The lady who has just been doing a little shopping and bought out the store.

Giggling girls. The umbrella fiend who always pokes the driver in the back or the conductor in the stomach. The stout lady who, when the lurches, subsides in one's lap.

The shrill-voiced female. The mother of six who brings the whole six along. siderable study are necessary, the par-The lady who will mistake the bellticulars of which would need a special rope for the strap. The woman who at every street corner

asks where she is to get out. The gum-eating girl. The women who after stopping the car only take five minutes to kiss and say good-by. The old young girl.

The musical enthusiast. The stage-struck girl. The girl wind captures the conductor's attention so that he has no eyes or ears lett for his business. The loud girl.

The women who paint. The stalwart party who challenges you for your seat. The girl who looks at you too hard.
The girl who won't look at you at

all .-- N. Y. Graphic. Concerning Names.

The fact is, scarcely any nuisance is

greater nuisance than that pertaining to ill-assorted names. Why, for instance, with our beautiful and musical Indian nomenclature, should we have our Syracuse, Memphis, Thebes, Toledo, St. Louis, San Francisco, Cairo, Babylon, Jerusalem? What an uneuphonious, ill-assorted name is New York when we can have Manhattan for the taking! Why should racing mares be named Miss Woodford and Flora Temple?-or an Indian Hole-in-the-Wall, Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse, etc.? Why should a harmony composed for a religious hymn be named Federal street and another Bowdoin square? Why should two of our gunboats be called Terror and Vixen? Why should so many names of hamlets. villages, towns and cities be repeated in thirty-eight states and seven territories, and give rise to innumerable Washingtons, Jacksonvilles, Jeffersons, Adamses, and so on?-Christian at Work.

The ministers, it seems, trouble the librarians as much as any other class of again and again, but he comes back." town to-day, and here it is, all receipted. persons. At a recent conference of libramy friend. Take it as a token of my rians in New York Dr. Buel, Librarian appreciation; your bill is all wiped out." of Union Theological Seminary, was 'Receipted!' ejaculated that practical asked how he got along. He said he journalist. "Wiped out! Wiped out be | was afraid that ministers were as bad as faction of knowing that her young Amer- blanked! What you want to do is to set any one else, for since he had been libican-born husband beat the marquis of up a new suit right quick. Don't come rarian more than 1,000 volumes had been taken. "One minister," he said,

CONVERSATIONAL.

Advice to Those Who Desire to Become Proticient in the Art of Being Agreeable.

A young lady, whose marriage is in prospect, writes to us that she would like to become expert in conversation. She realizes that as a wife she must carry herself with dignity and selfpossession, and that her conversation ought to be ready and intelligent. What she particularly desires is the ability to talk with "a whole company," and even to be the leader of conversation. She fears that the meeting of many strangers in her new home will appall her conversational powers, which in her old home rarely failed her. The foundation of a new home circle is in the special province of Good Housekeeping, and we will respond to the letter on this page.

A trying ordeal it is for a woman to break away from her home where she has always lived and where everything and almost everybody whom she sees is familiar, and enter a strange home where nearly all are strangers and where many new acquaintances are to be acquired. Next to her care that she shall look well, which is usually easily provided for, is a woman's concern that she shall appear to be intelligent, an end that she regards as of uncertain attainment, because her feelings greatly predominating over her intellect, she contrasts herself with the other sex, whose intellect is more conspicuous than hers. A natural timidity, arising from almost exclusive home experience, is sure to magnify every difficulty, and she approaches the ordeal with misgivings. The principles that underlie conversational ability fully cover this case. The very first requisite of all, compared with which all the rest are insufficient, is confidence, without which no one can talk well, neither privately nor publicly.

It comes in various ways to different

people, being inborn in some, knocked into others by contact with the world,

and, in a conversational way, in the

case of still others, often acquired by practice under disciplining circumstances. Bearing upon all these instances is the command that one has over the language, and his ready use of words. In short, good conversationalists are born as well as made. With inborn assurance and loquacity no one will falter in conversation, and, though his part may not be well sustained, he will be likely to monopolize attention. If to these be added practice, an extensive knowledge of the world, varied reading and thoughtful intelligence, spiced with story-telling powers, a person will shine in conversation above most of his fellows and may pardonably take the lead in it. At the other extreme, one whose power over language is very limited, whoh as been

so homekeeping that he knews little of the world, who is timid and fears to trust tences, and never has conversed much, will be a failure conversationally, no matter how intelligent he may be. The average person is a mean between these extremes, and such we will assume our correspondent to be. The average lady will gain confidence when she finds herself constantly where she needs it, and, with ordinary command of language, she may decidedly improve her conversational ability: bu leader, is doubtful—certainly not if she

is in the presence of a gifted talker, though otherwise she may train herself to take a stand in the front rank among others. Practice must be persisted in constantly, taking advantage of every opportunity to converse, and making a study of the matter. Newspapers should be read thoroughly, for they supply subjects that are timely, and often much in addition. Taking care to note the subjects that may be conversed about, the reader will cultivate her memory and

provide herself with ready material for discussion. The fresh and best literature of the day outside of newspapers should be treated in the same way. Ladies usually narrate the incidents of their life, both great and small, remote and recent. feelingly and enter-

tainingly, and these may be depended upon for conversational stock, where proper. They should be enjoined to acquire an intelligent comprehension of the affairs of the town or city where they live, of their State and even of the Nation, not only current events, but historical. Thus prepared the average lady, keeping in good practice, will have a capital start for conversational conquests, and will then be able to do well on a higher plane of subjects of a more abstract and intellectual nature. To sustain a conversation of this kind much reading of the best sort and con-

article for their treatment. With all these preparations in gaining confidenc, in practice and in providing the subject matters, our correspondent ought to become a very good conversationalist. But it should be remembered that one should possess an art in conversation beside talking -the art of making others talk. One who is a genius in this social duty may monopolize most of the time and so charm his hearers that they will be content to be silent; but, if he is not a genius, he may make himself obtrusive and call forth unpleasant criticisms. Therefore, to give others an opportunity to talk, who may stand in danger of finding none, a talented conversationalist will ascertain their favorite and most familiar fields of knowledge for purposes of enticement. Good suggestions of subjects for others' conversation are sometimes more advisable for one than taking the lead. However easy conversation may be under other circumstances, the most unfortunate and unsatisfactory attempt will be found to be in a miscellaneous small assemblage, endeavoring to sustain only one subject, when the assemblage ought to be divided into groups, each engrossed with its own topics. Conversational power, then, our correspondent, will find, may be acquired, even among strangers, by one who is not gifted in this particular, by assiduous attention to the matter, by forcing confidence through making demands upon it, by unremitting practice, by providing the materials in many ways, and by attending to those arts and expedients that make it possible for others to take part in a conversation, - Good Housekeeping.

The fact that a commercial agency has been beaten in a suit to collect damages for an injurious report and ordered by a Montreal court to pay \$4,000 ought to have a wholesome effect on concerns of the sort. Mercantile agencies are useful institutions beyond doubt, but | Pennell, in St. Nicholas. they blunder miserably at times and ought to suffer for it when they injure business reputations .- Chicago Tribune.

According to the Southern Practitioner, the City of Mexico, being entirely without sewers or drainage, the mortality is at the high rate of 50 per 1.000 of population annually. In Guanajuato, a city of 58,000 inhabitants, the death rate

An Athlete's Diet. I eat, and always have eaten since I was a boy, a plenty of nourishing, generous food; and I am very wide in my choice, eating as a rule any good food that tempts my appetite, and that is hearty enough to be easily tempted. For myself I am not especially fond of what you call made dishes, but prefer food in its plainer forms. For meats, I eat chiefly mutton and beef; and I use a good deal of bread, of course being as careful as I can to get the best. own idea is, that so long as you have sound, sweet food it doesn't make much difference what kind it is or how much you eat of it. I am very particular to eat slowly. I eat three times a day. Breakfast is a light or hearty meal according to how I feel about it at the same time. Lunch in the middle of the day is always light, and dinner at 6:30 or 7 is the principal meal of the day. I always take an hour for that. If I haven't an hour to spare at dinnertime I put off dinner 'till I have the time. I find, though, that aside from meat and bread I must have plenty of vegetables. No man can make anv kind of an athlete without eating plenty of vegetables. I take all kinds, and pretty much of all fruit too. Fruits are good. A man can't stay without that kind of food. He has no endurance.

Yes, I'm Scotch, and I believe in oatmeal, but I don't think you ought to eat too much of it. I have it at breakfast about three times a week. I am fond of milk too, and am especially careful to drink it slowly. It is excellent food, but it is very bad to drink it fast. And it isn't good to take too much liquid at any time, especially at meals. I have a habit of always drinking a glass of water when I first get up -spring-water if I can get it. I don't exactly know why I do it. I don't know that it is very good for me. I guess it is because I like it. There's no accounting for taste, you know. Tea is my greatest stimulant. I don't drink much A well-known scientist says the feelcoffee, but I do take considerable teaing of one while standing on a high black tea always. I never use greenand I take it with sugar and milk, and never take it iced. I don't mean when

I say it is my greatest stimulant that I never take anything stronger. I very seldom do, but sometimes, just before a race, for instance, if I need it I take some brandy-no malt liquor. That's bad, especially lager. Lager is very bad. In training? Well, I make no difference in my diet in training. I only of the government to the present time, only one of them has been impeachedtry to keep more regular hours, especially in sleeping. And I take no physic. Physic is bad always. In training it's fatal-Wallace Ross in the Cook.

Resenting an Intruder.

From John Burrough's paper on Bird-Enemies, in the December Century, we is boiling. The water is underneath quote the following: "One day a trage- the coffee but when it boils it rises up I was sitting with a book; two song- the coffee or tea, percolates, goes down sparrows were trying to defend their to the lower part of the apparatus, is nest against a black snake. The cu- warmed again and once more travels rious, interrogating note of a chicken upward. who had suddenly come upon the scene in his walk, first caused me to look up from my reading. There were the sparrows, with wings raised in a way pe-culiarly expressive of horror and dismay, rushing about a low clump of grass and bushes. Then, looking more close-ly, I saw the glistening form of the black snake, and the quick movement of his head as ne tricu a constant. The sparrows darted about and through the grass and weeds, trying to beat the snake off. Their tails and wings were spread, and, panting with the heat and the desperate struggle, they presented a most singular spectacle. They uttered no cry, not a sound escaped them; they were plainly speechless with horror and dismay. Not once did they drop their wings, and the peculiar expression of those uplifted palms, as it were, I shall never forget. It occurred to me that, perhaps, here was a case of attempted bird-charming on the part of the snake, so I looked on from behind the fence. The birds charged the snake and harrassed him from every side, but were evidently under no spell save that of courage in defending their nest. Every moment or two I could see the head and neck of the serpent make a sweep at the birds, when the one struck at would fall back, and the other would renew the assault from the rear. There appeared to a public benefactor. On his estate at be little danger that the snake could strike and hold one of the birds, though I trembled for them, they were so bold approached so near to the snake's and from it has already produced this head. Time and again he sprang at year, by five cuttings, forty tons to the them, but without success. How the acre, and another cutting is yet to come. poor things panted, and held up their | This has been grown upon reclaimed wings appealingly! Then the snake peat land, of which millions of acres glided off to the near fence, barely escaping the stone which I hurled at him. I found the nest rifled and deranged; whether it had contained eggs or young I know not. The male sparrow had cheered me many a day with his song, and I blamed myself for not having

birds in his mouth.

rushed at once to the rescue when the

arch enemy was upon him. There is

tion that snakes charm birds. The black

snake is the most subtle, alert, and

devilish of our snakes, and I have never

Hare-and-Hounds. Next to foot-ball, the most important amusement-or shall I say work?-at Rugby is hare-and-hounds. Every boy is obliged to go on these runs just as he is obliged to play foot-ball, unless, of course, his physician has forbidden him to take this exercise. There are what are called "house" runs and "Big Side" runs, or those in which the whole school is represented. In the former, the smaller boys are helped by the older, so that they have an easy enough time; but on the latter, "every man for himself' is the rule of the day. The runs are necessarily made every year over the same ground, and in whichever direction the boys go, they must cross plowed fields or green meadows, with sheep scattering to every side: they must leap over hedges and brooks, mount little hills and jump ditches. And fortunate they are indeed, if the sun shines Journalism in the Galloping West, and the grass is dry and the roads hard; for, in rainy England, in the winter and the early spring, the chances are that rain or fog will add to the trials of a run.

Tiresome as the runs are, the boys find real pleasure in them. There is, for example, all the pride of coming in first, of gaining a reputation as a run-ner, or of being appointed the "holder of the bags," These are the bags in which the "hares" carry their paper, or "scent," and are looked upon as symbols of authority.-Elizabeth Robins

while before sundown at a house to spend the night, and after entering the Ripsnorter. house the dog came in, approached him sound to such lays ou and punot used ascertained who the visitor was, immediately when the chickens in the hard — Anderson (S.C.)

Journal

MISSING LINKS.

A Japanese judge lately fined a newspaper man for not crediting an article clipped from a contemporary. Nearly 600 newspapers in the United

thirty-four are located in Pennsylvania. There is a demand from China for 150 Christian missionaries at once. Converts are multiplying in all parts of the

states bear the name of News, of which

An English lockmaker has constructed a key which he says is capable of opening 22.600 patent lever locks, all of which differ in their combinations.

Dr. Albert Thompson, a young Irish physician, has been presented with the Albert medal for removing poison in a case of diphtheria by sucking it away. M. de Lesseps is said to look wonderfully well, although for several months past he has been harassed by puny syndicates gotten up for the purpose of

ousting him from his position as presi-

dent of the Interoceanie Canal associa-Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, has added an interesting item to American annals by his discovery that Commodore Stewart, grandfather of Charles Stewart Parnell, is the one who induced Joseph Bonaparte to buy land and build

his house at Bordentown, N. J. A boy in Cleveland fell from a tree and dislocated his neck. A surgeon was sent for, who replaced the disjointed vertebræ so skillfully that the boy recovered, and is to-day as well as ever. This operation has been frequently attempted, but very seldom with success.

Judging from a paragraph now going the rounds of the medical press, the higher education of women conduce to connubiality and fecundity. Of 759 female college graduates only 196 are married. Of these, 66 have no children, and 130 have had 263 children, of which 232 are living.

mountain or on the edge of a deep abyss is to fly. Instances are noted where persons, unable to resist this impulse, have cast themselves headlong into dark, vawning chasms, in the belief that they would reach the bottom in safety. Of all the eminent jurists who have sat upon the Supreme Court bench of the United states from the organization

Samuel Chase, in 1804. He was accused of unjust, tyrannical and arbitrary conduct at certain trials, but was acquit-By an automatic tea or coffee-pot used by the French army it is impossible to obtain a drop of coffee unless the water was enacted a few yards from where through a central tube and falls over

> Near Odessa two Greek merchants by mistake purchased the same lot in a cemetery. The matter was referred, after a warm dispute, to the District Judge, who decided "first come, first served and that whichever died first should have the coveted resting-place, it being

understood that neither would take an unfair advantage of the other by com-While I am on the subject of heraldry let me recall a good story credited to William R. Travers. It was told that when A. T. Stewart conceived the idea of setting up a coat of arms he went to Mr. Travers for advice. Mr. Travers suggested an employer rampant, chasing a lazy salesman with a yardstick; and Mr. Stewart did not speak to him again for a month. This anecdote is probably about as authentic as the other, which states that Mr. Stewart, being extremely loquacious at a State banquet at Delmonico's, Mr. Travers silenc-

ed him by calling the length of the table, "Cash!"-N. Y. Today. Agriculture is the basis of the prosperity of the world. If he who makes two blades of grass grow where only one sprang up before deserves well of his country, then Mr. Mitchell Henry, M. P. for Galway County, deserves a statue as Kylemore, Connemara, he has planted "the Caucasian variety of the prickly for fattening. Cattle eat it greedily; it is excellent for dairy cows: it fattens pheasants, ducks, and all sorts of fowls. and in feeding them saves two-thirds of the grain that could not otherwise be

nsed.-English paper. Others besides Miss Anderson have suffered from the too fervent idolatry of probably little truth in the popular no- Dublin worshippers. Titiens relates that one night there she played Riena in Weber's "Oberon" for her benefit. But a whole evening of tuneful Weber was seen him have any but young, helpless | not enough for the Dublinites. In the middle of the opera the cantatrice had to sing a few verses written to the tune of "St. Patrick's Day" by a local poet. This performance aroused the enthusiasm and flattered the vanity of the audience, and "The Last Rose of Summer" was demanded. Already overtaxed, she bowed and bowed again and shook her head. But the gods were inexorable. She was forced to comply. At the end of of the opera, she was dragged, as usual, by a great crowd, as Mary Anderson was, to the Shelbourne Hotel. When she appeared at the window to bow her thanks. shouts came from hundreds of voices of "The Last Rose." "Gentlemen, I am extremely obliged, but I am too tired to sing," spoke the exhausted diva. But all in vain. Her gallant Irish admirers remained shouting "Rose" until a deputation of would-be sleepers from the hotel begged her to sing the air for the

sake of quiet, and she had to comply.

Any galoot who wants the Ripsnorter for a year can have it left at his barroom on payment of three red chips in advance. Now's your time to chip in. Boys, she's a dandy.

Advertisements will be stuck in at liberal terms and dust and mules taken in exchange. For You ducks who haven't paid up your subscriptions want to hustle. We warn you that we know who you are and we are going out collecting in a

ready for all low customers. We mean A certain Methodist preacher of this Funeral notices must be accomcounty tells it upon himself that while panied by the address of the corpse, not on his travels recently he stopped a for publication, but as a guarantee of

day or two with a new brace of Colts